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3d Session }

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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U.S. 62d Cong. 3d Sess. Feb. 23, 1913

CARL CAREY ANDERSON

(Late a Representative from Ohio)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES

SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

Proceedings in the House
February 23, 1913

Proceedings in the Senate
December 5, 1912

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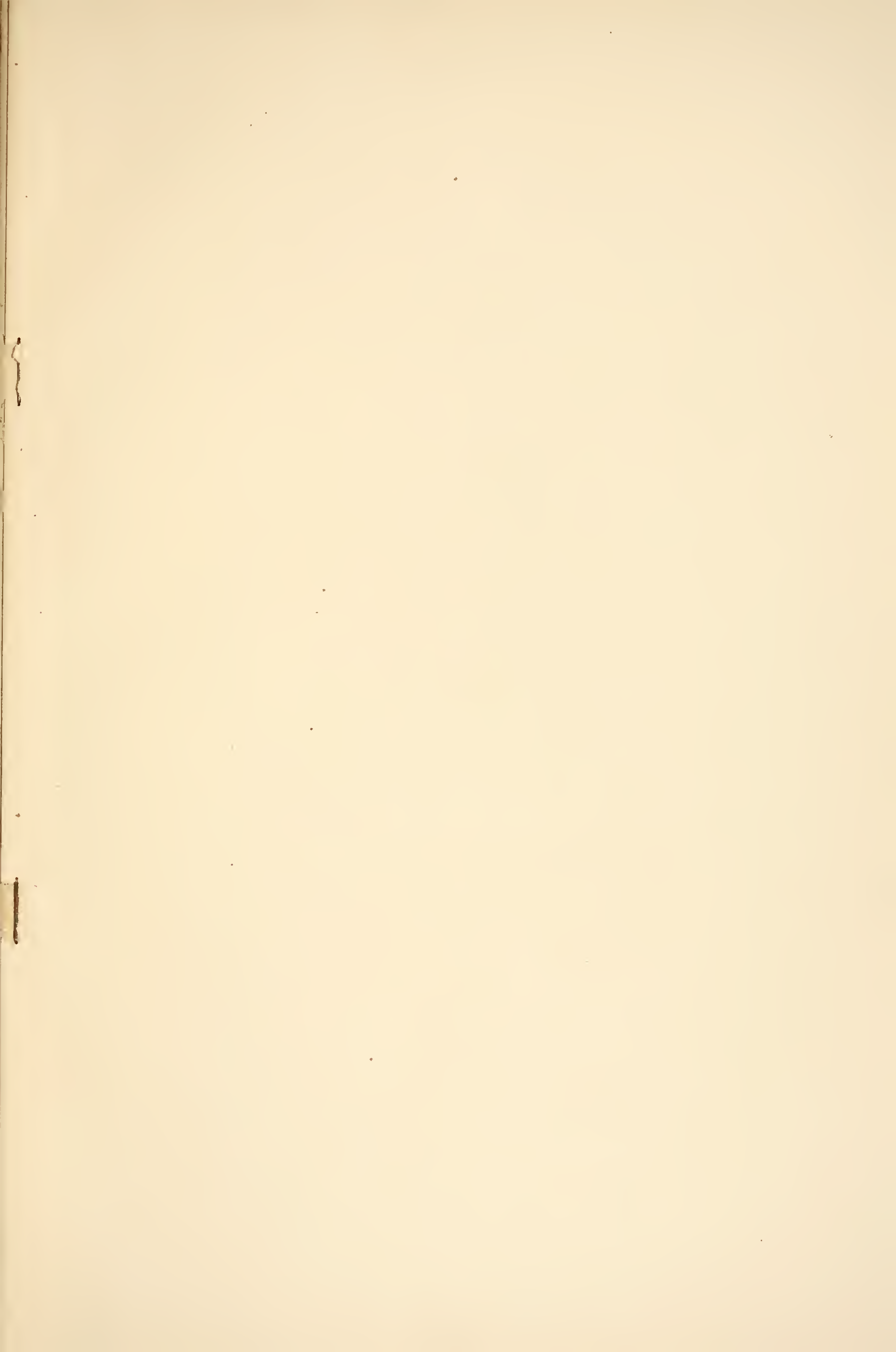
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page.
Proceedings in the House-----	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D-----	6
Memorial addresses by—	
Mr. Goeke, of Ohio-----	9
Mr. Willis, of Ohio-----	14
Mr. Post, of Ohio-----	22
Mr. Bulkley, of Ohio-----	26
Mr. Bathrick, of Ohio-----	28
Mr. Sharp, of Ohio-----	30
Proceedings in the Senate-----	37
Resolutions adopted-----	38







HON. CARL C. ANDERSON

DEATH OF HON. CARL CAREY ANDERSON

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

MONDAY, *December 2, 1912.*

Mr. ANSBERRY. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the Clerk's desk, and ask for their immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 713

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Mr. CANNON. Mr. Speaker, I move you, sir, that out of regard for the memory of the late Vice President, the Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman, and the memory of the Members of this House and of the Senate who have departed this life since the adjournment of the last session of Congress this House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 8 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, December 3, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon.

FRIDAY, *December 6, 1912.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Crockett, one of its clerks, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of the Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of those Representatives whose deaths have been announced the Senate do now adjourn.

MONDAY, *January 13, 1913.*

Mr. GOEKE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of an order which I send to the Clerk's desk.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Ohio asks unanimous consent for the present consideration of an order, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

Ordered, That Sunday, the 23d day of February, 1913, be set apart for addresses on the life, character, and public services of the Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

So the order was agreed to.

SUNDAY, *February 23, 1913.*

The House met at 12 o'clock noon.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For Thou hast been a shelter for me and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings.

From time immemorial, O God our Father, men's hearts have turned instinctively to Thee in great crises for help, in sorrow and grief for comfort, in every contingency for

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

inspiration and guidance; so our hearts turn to Thee as we assemble in memory of men who by faithful service in State and Nation gained for themselves the respect and confidence of the people, wrought well among us, left the impress of their personality upon our minds, and made a place for themselves in our hearts which time nor space can erase. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"We leave this and straightway enter another palace of the King more grand and beautiful."

We mourn their going, but not without hope. We are cast down but not overwhelmed, dismayed but not confounded.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Enter Thou, O God our Father, into the desolate homes and bind up the bruised and broken hearts with the oil of Thy love, that they may look through their tears to the rainbow of hope and follow on without fear and doubting into that realm where all mysteries shall be solved, all sorrows melted into joy, soul touch soul in an everlasting communion, and eons of praise we will ever give to Thee, in the spirit of the Lord Christ. Amen.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. MORGAN of Louisiana. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the reading of the Journal be dispensed with.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Louisiana asks unanimous consent to dispense with the reading of the Journal. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

Chair hears none. Without objection, the Journal will stand approved.

There was no objection.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the order of business in reference to the Hon. CARL C. ANDERSON, late a Representative from Ohio.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. Goeke, by unanimous consent,

Ordered, That Sunday, February 23, 1913, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. CARL C. ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Mr. GOEKE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will read the resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

House resolution 862

Resolved, That in pursuance of the special order heretofore adopted the House proceed to pay tribute to the memory of the Hon. CARL C. ANDERSON, late a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his public career the House at the conclusion of the memorial proceedings of this day shall stand adjourned.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House be, and he is hereby, instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. GOEKE, OF OHIO

Mr. Speaker, it is a time-honored custom of this body to pay tribute to the character and services of the distinguished dead of either House. Responding to this and prompted by a sense of duty to my State as well as respect for the late CARL C. ANDERSON, I shall in my humble way here record my estimate of his life and services to the country. CARL C. ANDERSON was born at Bluffton, Allen County, Ohio, December 2, 1877. When a boy his parents moved to Fremont, Ohio. At 10 years he was a newsboy and a bootblack. At 16 he had saved money enough to buy a home for his mother. He was at one time a traveling salesman, and later engaged himself in the mercantile business at Fostoria, Ohio, which place became his permanent home. By his energy and thrift he prospered and won the confidence of those who knew him. His popularity grew, and he was twice elected mayor of his city, and then aspired to congressional honors. Never defeated in an election, he was beginning his campaign for his third term in this body when, in the very prime of his useful life, his career was ended suddenly by a fearful and tragic death. At the youthful age of 35 years he was taken from us in the midst of his life's work. The news of his death came to me, as it did to many others, as a personal bereavement. The awfulness of the shock to his city and State is well told in the feverish announcement of his home paper, the Fostoria Times, on

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

the night of the accident. It is the overflowing of the full heart of the editor. I quote:

There is no conqueror save death. In the midst of circumstances that seem to defy destiny the gaunt, grisly, invisible champion of the grave stalks forth; a sudden swoop of the scythe and the highest and strongest fall forever. CARL C. ANDERSON, of all men, is dead. Swift and awful, unannounced, like an electric shock, beggared of even the anguished interval of *Titanic* tragedy or the stroke of some like calamity, the man in the community most alive and widest known passes from life to death, from existence to immortality, from achievement to history. Yesterday evening and night he accompanied his friend and companion, Attorney Russell M. Knepper, of Tiffin, Democratic candidate, on an automobile trip to a village in the neighborhood of Fostoria. Returning home one of those all-too-numerous automobile accidents happened. The car and its four occupants were approaching a bend in the road on the new Riegel Road near the city, when the car rushed into the ditch, overturned, threw part of the passengers out, turned upside down, and pinned Congressman ANDERSON to death.

The man who sat in the same seat was the one least injured. The injured men and the remains of Fostoria's foremost citizen were tenderly brought to town and cared for. Telephone messages were sent to close friends about town and to relatives out of town. Tactfully and tenderly the terrible tidings were taken to the wife and children. My last talk with him was in the afternoon. We spoke of the congressional situation, and he was in a triumphant mood, naturally. No real opposition to his reelection could be found in the district, and his opponents appeared to be merely nominal nominees. "Use them well in your paper," said CARL, with characteristic kindness, "make no attacks on them; you need waste no words on me either, the people know me now. I shall receive a big enough majority to please my friends, and I am going into the districts of some of my congressional friends to help them." As we parted I thought that here at least there is no uncertainty of political success in an election five weeks distant. To-day the city sits in supremacy of sorrow, and messages are flashing over the land and inquiries pouring in for details of the dread calamity that put a period to this unexampled success. Death alone defeated this matchless man. "There is no conqueror save death."

ADDRESS OF MR. GOEKE, OF OHIO

I shall always remember the immense concourse of friends who gathered to pay a last sad tribute of respect on the occasion of his interment. Rich and poor, high and low, all showed sorrow at his untimely death. Fostoria that day was literally in mourning. Truly did it seem that the angel of death, hovering over the city, had touched the hearts of every home. Greater tribute than this hath no man, that "after life's fitful dream is o'er"—"after the battle has been fought and won"—he is returned home, and there, amid the genuine sorrow and tears of friends and neighbors, he is laid to rest in the generous bosom of that State which he loved so well and served so faithfully. No more noted gathering ever assembled to pay tribute to the dead than that which came to show their respect, add their sympathy, and mingle their tears in sorrow with the family and friends in the home city of the beloved and lamented CARL ANDERSON.

Our departed friend and colleague was the child of poverty and toil. He knew none of the temptations of wealth or the enervating influences of luxury, yet he was richly endowed with brains, energy, physical and moral courage, and self-reliance. These were great riches. He wisely invested his entire capital in self-improvement, and CARL ANDERSON, the newsboy and bootblack, became beloved of the people and their faithful servant in the Halls of Congress. Born of common people, he was of the plain people, and knew them well.

While he was too great to yield to their demands when influenced by passion or prejudice, he was great enough to fully comprehend and appreciate their wants and to sympathize with them in their wants. His life furnishes an excellent example of what courage unaided and industry unfavored can work out for their possessor in the field of equal opportunity furnished to all in this

Republic of ours. He is a testimonial of the virtues of our free institutions, our country, and our Government. His record in Congress is replete with work well done, bearing proof of his faithfulness to his oath of office, and realization of his responsibilities to his constituency and to his country. He was always in favor of good legislation and quickly saw an opportunity to do good work for his people, and so accepted the high honor conferred and became one of the most sympathetic and hardest workers in the House. But little escaped his vigilant eye and a bad measure met his vehement opposition and denunciation. He was naturally ambitious—not for selfish reasons, but solely to serve his people better and for the good that might result to them. He was courteous, open hearted, accommodating, and pleasant at all times and under the most trying circumstances. He was the constant friend and ardent advocate of the cause of the old soldier and, with the exception of the venerable Isaac R. Sherwood, no man in the House accomplished so much for them. He worried over their suffering in their declining years as though they were of kin to him. He never hesitated to resolve all doubt in their favor and rejoiced at every measure that spelled good to them. In line with his inherent sympathy for those that toil, he was the champion of labor, both organized and unorganized, and never lost an opportunity to vote and work for legislation in their behalf. His devotion to the people of his district was marvelous. To be able to please them was his greatest aim. He was constantly striving to do something for some one from the thirteenth district. They will miss him as time goes on and in their hearts and esteem his place will be hard to fill.

Of his personal traits of character, so beautifully exemplified in his private and domestic life, I shall say but little. Nothing short of a profound sense of loyalty to his

ADDRESS OF MR. GOEKE, OF OHIO

hallowed memory could induce me to speak at all of the personal side of him who was endeared to me by the sweetest and tenderest ties of intimate association and deep affection. I know his wife and children and I have never known the relation of husband and father more substantially true and tender. What good effects flow from a strong, true love that is full of sympathy, served to form his character throughout his home life. Those closest to him admired and loved him best, because they knew him best.

So let us not so much mourn that he is dead, but rather let us rejoice that he has lived. Let us not think so much of his untimely taking off, but rather of the fullness of his life. Poets for ages have sung of the sadness of death when it comes to a man full of life and vigor, to one still ready and willing to do a man's part in the world of men, yet the Greeks personified death by a beautiful boy crowned with immortal youth, and somehow that ideal seems fitting. For the deeds of man the lesson of his life and the good example he gave will live forever, and their rejuvenation from one generation to the other may well be exemplified by youth. Stricken in life's prime, in the fullness of a splendid usefulness, CARL C. ANDERSON left to his family, to the people of his district, and to us a monument more enduring than marble and a heritage more precious than gold.

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIS, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: It has just been suggested to me by a friend that this day which we have set apart as a proper occasion to do honor to the memory of a number of our deceased colleagues here and a number of deceased Members of the Senate is as well the anniversary of a sad but interesting historical occasion. Sixty-five years ago to-day, yonder in the old Hall of the House, or rather in an adjoining chamber, the great spirit of John Quincy Adams took its flight to the God who gave it. Two days before the old warrior had fallen on the field of battle with his armor on and his face to the foe; and 65 years ago to-day he breathed his last. Since that time, Mr. Speaker, many distinguished Members of this body have gone into the Great Beyond, but I measure my words when I say that among that great number there have been few who gave more complete and unfaltering devotion to the people who sent them here than did CARL ANDERSON, of Ohio. It was my pleasure and it will be throughout life my fond recollection to have known CARL ANDERSON quite intimately, and yet that acquaintance did not extend over a very lengthy period. I did not know him personally until I came to this House at the beginning of this Congress. I had known of him, of course, because we lived in adjoining congressional districts, and his fame had spread over the State, but I met him first here in the city of Washington. At his hotel, with that kindliness of spirit which was so characteristic of him, he came and introduced himself to me and, knowing that I was a new Member, he sought to make me feel comfortable, and before we had talked five minutes he had undertaken to

smooth out some of the rough ways and to explain how I might best get along with my work here, and particularly with the departmental work, with which he was so thoroughly familiar. He aided me much, and generously gave me credit for work which he himself had done. I think, Mr. Speaker, that probably that was the most prominent characteristic in the life of our deceased friend—the spirit of helpfulness and generosity, the desire to make somebody comfortable and happy, the desire to extend a helping hand—and I think it is a characteristic which those of us who are left behind may well emulate. My colleague from Ohio [Mr. Goeke] has referred eloquently to the fact—a fact of which we are proud in Ohio—that this Ohio boy in whose honor we are met here to-day, at the age of 10, was a common newsboy and a bootblack on the street.

Mr. Speaker, it seems to me that the mere statement of that fact is sufficient without comment; CARL ANDERSON'S life is and ought to be an inspiration to the American youth. It shows the possibility of American citizenship. Here was this boy, making his way when he was only a child, selling papers and blacking boots on the street, and to-day this great legislative body has met to do honor to his memory. I have been thinking as I have been sitting here and listening to the eloquent words that have been spoken of him and of our other friend and colleague, Mr. Wickliffe, and wondering what it is that makes it possible for men to succeed. I think I know something of the secret of success of this rare soul, and that was this—that he possessed almost infinite ability for hard work. It was not so much brilliancy, perhaps, as it was a determination to stick to the task and a determination to work and to be prepared. I know that this man believed in the philosophy of these little stanzas. I know he did, through my personal association with him. These

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

stanzas are from the brilliant pen of the lamented Senator from Kansas, John J. Ingalls:

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore;
I answer not, and I return no more.

Representative ANDERSON was ready when opportunity knocked unbidden at his gate; but he had those sterling qualities of stalwart Americanism that would have enabled him to succeed whether opportunity knocked or no.

It was the theory of life of CARL ANDERSON that he should be prepared for the work in hand, and when he was called by the people of his native city of Fostoria to the office of mayor of that city he was prepared for the work. When in the business world opportunities came to him, he was ready to embrace them. When he was called to this higher office, he was equipped for the work which he undertook to do, and the reason why he was equipped and why he was ready to embrace these opportunities was because he understood the philosophy of hard work. It is the same, Mr. Speaker, with men that it is with the lower organisms. Take the tree that stands in the midst of the darksome forest where it is protected by the other trees, and that tree will be straight and tall,

but the fiber of it will not be so strong; but as to the oak that stands upon the summit of the hill, the timber of that tree will be strong, because it has been torn and strained and twisted by every tempest that has blown for a thousand years. Put the little coral insect down at the mouth of a river where the current is gentle, the water warm, and where it is freighted with all the elements of plant growth, and the insect will die, but lay it upon a rocky ledge where the waves beat down with an everlasting power that would grind granite to powder, and it grows and thrives, builds up its tiny palace to the surface of the sea. And it is so with men. It is the battle, the toil, the contest, the struggle that brings out the best that is in human nature. And so it was with this dear deceased friend. He believed in the philosophy that is expressed in those beautiful lines from the pen of Babcock, when he says:

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?—
And fold the hands and acquiesce. O shame!
Stand up, speak out and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not; fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

That was the philosophy of life of this man. And may I add not only did the boy make his own way, starting as a bootblack at 10 years of age, but by the time he had attained the age of 16 years, the little fellow had saved up enough from his slender earnings to buy a home for his mother.

Mr. Speaker, it is not necessary, it seems to me, to point out anything else in the character of this unusual man. Devotion to mother, respect for mother. Saving from the slender sum which other boys might have spent for trifles and amusement, he buys a home for mother. Mr. Speaker, there is not anything finer in life than devotion to home and devotion to mother. The man who has those characteristics is bound to make a success of his public and private life, as did CARL ANDERSON. That spirit of work to which I have referred characterized his service here. He worked early and late in the interests of his constituents.

Mr. Speaker, it is no discredit to anyone else to say that there was no man in Ohio who had the hold upon his district that CARL ANDERSON had. Everybody in the thirteenth district knew him, and all who knew him loved him. There was not another member of the Ohio delegation who was as popular in his district as CARL ANDERSON was in his. My colleague, Mr. Goeke, spoke touchingly and eloquently of the funeral services in Fostoria and Fremont. It was a marvelous tribute. There they were from all the walks of life, not simply the wealthy—although the wealthy were there—but from the middle walks of life. The common people were there in great numbers. Workmen, farmers, school children—all classes and ages and professions were represented. It was a great outpouring, and in that beautiful city of Fremont, which has witnessed some historic scenes and some great historic funerals, it is said there never had been witnessed such an outpouring of the people as was witnessed that day. Back, back, for many rods, the people were packed, and the thing that touched me most, and as I said to one of my colleagues with me at the time, the thing that CARL would have prized most, was the fact

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIS, OF OHIO

that in that great crowd there were hundreds of old soldiers, members of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the thirteenth district and all over the State it was felt that when CARL ANDERSON went away they had lost one of the most active and effective friends they had in American public life.

The old boys in blue were there at the funeral services in large numbers and gave the most convincing evidence of their profound sorrow at the tragedy which had overwhelmed them and hung like a pall over northwestern Ohio.

On occasions like this, Mr. Speaker, we can but think of the serious problems of life. We wonder whence we come and whither we are going; what it is all about, and whether death is the end, or whether the tomb is but a gateway to an eternity of opportunity.

It can not be that our little butterfly existence upon earth is the end. There is that within us which speaks unerringly of another life, broader and higher and better than this. It can not be that the years of toil and strife and affection and preparation of a life well lived end at the grave. Another life beyond the mystery we call "death" is prophesied with certainty by that unceasing and unsatisfied hunger in the human heart for something better than we are. Life is not broken, but continuous and unending. The deep, unfathomable mystery of being remains unsolved. The beginning of life we know not, yet we know that we are, and we know that we shall continue to be, united beyond the grave with those loved ones who have gone on before.

We think sometimes that perhaps death is the end of the feverish journey of life, but that is because our poor, weak human vision is so limited and so short-sighted.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like a thought
Slipt out of mind, it vanished, and was not.

Yet to the helmsman standing at the wheel
Broad seas still stretched beneath the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that far horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond.

The world will little know nor long remember what we say here, but CARL ANDERSON'S comrades and associates will not soon forget his services to the Nation, his devotion to his home, his love for wife and children, and his kindness and generosity to his friends. From this life, well lived and tragically ended, comes the lesson so well expressed in those other lines—

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave the low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

Mr. Speaker, it was at the eventide that we stood yonder in the cemetery at Fremont. I shall never forget the spectacle. The glorious sun was going down in the golden west, marking the dying day, symbolic of the brilliant life that had passed into the great beyond. We were gathered about the mound. Here were ranks of the old veterans, for whose interests CARL had fought, and they stood there and tried to keep the drooping shoulders as square as they were when many years ago they

ADDRESS OF MR. WILLIS, OF OHIO

marched away to the grand, wild music of war. They tried to be brave; but the eyes were dim and the cheeks were wet, for they knew they had lost a fearless and faithful advocate. And then there were the other friends gathered about, literally acres of them; as the casket, laden with flowers, was lowered beneath the green sod of that historic cemetery I could but think of the tender lines of one of America's sweetest singers, who wrote for a loved one this epitaph of undying beauty:

Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
Warm southern wind, blow softly here;
Green sod above, lie light, lie light.
Good night, dear heart; good night; good night.

ADDRESS OF MR. POST, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: We have met to-day not to transact the regular business of the House, but to pay our respects and tribute to the dead. This Congress, now nearing its close, is notable for the number of its dead. Eighteen Members of this body and six Members of the upper branch, with the Vice President, have answered the final roll call.

The parting with friends at death is the saddest of all events in life. It severs all ties of friendship and affection. It blights the sweetest companionships and obliterates the most sacred associations. The successes and triumphs of life, its turmoil and strife, cruelty, and injustice lead to the same earthly ending. And after it, how soon are we forgotten! We are but a mite in the great and ever-increasing sea of humanity.

When death overcomes man in his youth, or when in the prime of life, it creates a sentiment of grief amounting to despair. On the other hand, if we enjoy in health, with full possession of all our faculties, the Psalmist's limit of life of four score years, it is universally a source of profound gratitude. To be stricken with death when in the very prime of life, with the brightest prospects to crown a glorious future, is most appalling. The tragic and dramatic death of our colleague, CARL C. ANDERSON, on the 1st day of October, 1912, by its very suddenness shocked the whole community and overcame it with a sense of the deepest sorrow and lamentation. Leaving his home in Fostoria with a friend upon a business errand to a neighboring town, concluding their business engagement, upon their return voyage the automobile in which they were making the trip, in making a sharp turn in the road,

upset, seriously injuring the driver and killing our beloved colleague.

A life full of vigor and manhood, not yet reaching 35 years, in the passing of a single moment was thus so unexpectedly blotted out forever, a lamentable and sad reminder of the uncertainty of life.

CARL, as he was familiarly called by all who were fortunate in knowing him, was strictly one of the common people. When a mere boy he earned his own living as a newsboy and bootblack. He was most energetic, zealously industrious, and early in life established himself in successful business. He was endowed with a striking personality and high and generous impulses, and his sympathies were so broad, his mind so tolerant, his nature so gentle that he easily gained the admiration and affections of all who were privileged to know him. These inherent qualities admirably fitted him for the political arena, and while yet a mere boy he was elected twice to the office of mayor of his native town and occupied other positions of public trust.

In 1908 he was easily the first choice of his party as its nominee for the office of Representative in Congress for the thirteenth district of Ohio, and at the general election was elected to the Sixty-first Congress by an overwhelming plurality, and, I am informed, was the youngest Member of the House in that Congress. He was reelected to the Sixty-second Congress, and at the primaries held in the district to nominate candidates for Congress in the summer of 1912 he had grown so rapidly in the public favor that he was not only the unanimous choice of his own party, but was practically unopposed by candidates of other parties.

Stricken down at the very threshold of a most promising career, when his young life was buoyant with hope and filled with aspirations of greater success, his body, so

carefully consigned to earth by his legion of friends, political admirers, fraternal orders, and delegations from the various counties in his district, may crumble into dust, but his spirit will live on forever.

It was not my good fortune to know him until the opening of the extra session beginning on the 4th of April, 1911. Our offices in the House Office Building were in close proximity and our acquaintanceship soon ripened into the closest friendship. I soon learned to love him because of his sweet spirit and gracious demeanor, his kindly consideration for me and all about him, and his charming personality that made his companionship most agreeable. He was filled with the spirit of kindness toward others and bent every possible effort to meet their desires and wants.

His fidelity to his constituents was so persistent that they never faltered in their loyalty and devotion to him. No complaint was ever too trivial for him to investigate and no letter was ever received by him that did not receive an answer couched in the most gracious language. His disposition and eagerness to serve his constituents, regardless of politics, were well known, and they most highly appreciated his services and delighted to honor him. He delighted in giving attention to the little things in life, little kindnesses, and thoughtfulness of deeds that created a close bond of friendship which existed at all times between him and the people of his district. These many manly qualifications made him a host of friends in the opposite party, who voted for him as regularly as did his party friends.

The very strongest bond of friendship and devotion existed between him and the veterans of the Civil War. He was their staunchest friend and they were his friends, and those of his district his truest followers. No soldier constituent of his ever made him a request too trivial not

ADDRESS OF MR. POST, OF OHIO

to receive a prompt response. He devoted a great part of his time to aiding the veteran soldiers and seeing that they received the pensions due them from the Government. At his funeral, which took place at Fostoria and Fremont, more than 200 veterans of the Civil War, all fast tottering to the grave, marched in the line of the procession to his final resting place, as a tribute of the respect and veneration in which he was held by them. This remnant of the fast-vanishing Army of the Blue, of the men who marched away during the War of the Rebellion in defense of the flag, following the funeral cortège with bowed heads and sobbing hearts as it bore the remains of our colleague to their last resting place, has left an impress upon my memory which time can not efface. It was but one scene exemplifying in generous sympathy the admiration in which he was held by the soldiers of his district. Nor was this veneration confined to the veterans whom he so steadfastly and faithfully served.

In his home city business was wholly suspended. Its streets were lined with thousands of his former constituents, with neighbors, fraternal associates, and friends. At the beautiful cemetery in the neighboring city of Fremont, where his mortal remains were laid away to rest forever, thousands more had congregated to give vent to their sorrow and grief.

His private life was ideal. He was a devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, and a most genial, considerate, loyal, and true friend at all times.

When I stood beside his grave, in the presence of that mysterious, solemn silence—death—I realized how quickly he had gone out from our midst, leaving a multitude of heavy hearts, and it was my wish that his sweet memory should ever remain fresh in the affections of his friends and of the people who honored and loved him as their Representative and whom he served and loved so well.

ADDRESS OF MR. BULKLEY, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: CARL ANDERSON was elected a Member of this House in 1908 and served in the Sixty-first Congress. He was reelected to the Sixty-second Congress by a greatly increased majority, and was, at the time of his death, the candidate of the Democratic Party to represent his district in the Sixty-third Congress. There can be no doubt that had he lived a few more weeks he would have been returned with a majority even greater than he had received before. His popularity was constantly increasing.

His constant and remarkable gain in popularity was in no way mysterious. Everyone knows his persistent industry, his untiring devotion to the interests of his constituents. He was always working, early and late, always giving unsparingly his whole strength and his best efforts to the constituency which honored and trusted him. Political friend and foe alike were made to feel that he was the representative of all, and his generosity and unfailing kindness and courtesy made him many a warm friend among those who had opposed him politically.

His generosity and unfailing readiness to do a kind act for everyone with whom he came in contact were known and appreciated by his colleagues. When I refer to his readiness to do a kindness I do him less than justice; he was not merely ready, he was anxious, and always seemed to seek the opportunity to do some helpful thing for each and every one of us. After my election to this House I came to Washington in the closing days of the last Congress to get acquainted with my new colleagues and my new duties. It was CARL ANDERSON who first made me feel at home here; it was he who took most time and trou-

ADDRESS OF MR. BULKLEY, OF OHIO

ble to give me suggestions and information. And up to the end of the session last summer, when I last spoke with him, he, more often than any other Member, came to me with suggestions for my good, for the good of my friends and my constituents.

He was broad-minded, generous, democratic, sympathetic, industrious, determined to serve well and to succeed. Less than 35 years of age, he was at the threshold of a career of great promise. He met his tragic and untimely death in an automobile accident, while actively engaged in the duties of the political campaign of last autumn. Who can say how great might have been our colleague's career had it not thus prematurely ended?

At this point Mr. Bulkley assumed the chair as Speaker *pro tempore*.

ADDRESS OF MR. BATHRICK, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: I yield no grudging tribute to CARL ANDERSON, but when death writes "Finis" upon the scroll of life words can be but empty symbols of vain meditation.

No eulogium of one who has passed beyond the curtain of eternal darkness can ease the pain or requite the loss of those who mourn. Rather might it accentuate both and hinder the blessed healing of the balm of time. Yet it is not altogether futile and is wholly just that the mind should linger about the brighter memories of the dead, upon the better parts of a life ended. Memory should be like a golden thread leading us back to the happy moments of the past, to the joys of the vanished yesterdays, that smiles, not tears, may mark our recollections.

Who would be a vile ghoul of reminiscence and, in the presence of the common failings of the living, disinter human error? The frailties of mankind are but the faults of the fallow where the grain yields its hundredfold and imperfections are lost in the abundance of the harvest.

CARL ANDERSON knew more of sunlight in his heart than gloom. He shed its cheerful rays about him in pleasant words and hearty handclasps and smiling greetings. The world to him was a workshop where duty was pleasurable, not painful. Within this Chamber he ably sought to do the will of his people, often not expressed but by him anticipated. To him their tribute of confidence and esteem was a reward far transcending the value of any sordid recompense. And when, within the small cities of his district, the bells softly tolled the signal of his departure, commerce halted, community activities ceased, the people gathered about his bier, and friend or foe failed not to render homage to the clay of one who was true, industrious, and cheerful.

ADDRESS OF MR. BATHRICK, OF OHIO

CARL ANDERSON, in the field where the mental Titans of this Nation contend, may not have stood upon their lofty plane; but, young, vigorous, and keen, none may know where the years might have placed him. He may not have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, but he wrought well and was pleasant. He loved his country, revered its defenders, and in their years of feebleness and want brought solace and material aid to many a troubled household.

Too often our good deeds weaken and die in the memory of men, but every human being soweth seeds which grow and multiply. In the crush of human emotions not all the good will fructify and neither will all the evil flourish, but like the banyan tree whose branches are strengthened as they increase their gracious shadows, so deeds of kindness strengthen the human heart. So grew the generous nature of this man, honored by the populace, until often the distress of others became his very own, and by the touch of his helping hand their heavy cares were rolled aside.

I do not know what creed he professed; I know not what church cast its sanctified mantle about him, neither shall the records of justice take note of these, for it is written in the roll of heaven that he was charitable and kind.

Mr. Speaker, the herald of death oft gives no day of grace, and when from the shadow came the summons to attend the last roll call in the house of life it found CARL ANDERSON yielding willing tribute to friendship—it found him giving aid to others.

Fate, silently beckoning, held aside the veil and he entered, to return no more; but to-day, on the face of the cliffs of time, we will chisel his name and beneath it subscribe the humble tribute: He gave aid and comfort to his fellow men.

ADDRESS OF MR. SHARP, OF OHIO

MR. SPEAKER: This is an unusual occasion, unusual because we are called upon in a single afternoon in this memorial service to voice our grief over the death of seven Members of Congress, whose distinguished services in these Halls of legislation are forever ended. The hand of death has indeed been most heavily laid upon our colleagues of the Sixty-second Congress. Its beckoning call has come alike to the young and the old. But a week ago this Sabbath day we held similar services for three others of our departed Members, and, all told, I believe 25 or 26 of the membership of this Congress have passed from among us since taking their oath of office less than two years ago. Fully half of the delegations of our sisterhood of States have been called upon to mourn the loss of one or more Members who had won a place in their affections. Of these States thus afflicted my own has been singularly free from such a visitation; and until now I do not recall a time in recent years when its delegation—in the House, at least—has been called upon to memorialize the life and services of a deceased Member.

If not inappropriate to this sad occasion, may I speculate in a vein of thought which during the past two years must have often come in common to the minds of many of my colleagues as to the cause of the frequency of the call of death to this Chamber? Surely the reason is to be found in some other explanation than to ascribe it to the normal rate of mortality among men, for, if I mistake not, our death rate has been excessively high, measured by such a standard; nor may it be explained that it merely happens to be abnormal and beyond the usual average, because the death rate in the preceding Congresses also

seems to be very high. Neither can we find a satisfactory cause if we would attribute it to the age of those who have departed; for, again, measured by mere years, the average certainly has not exceeded that period in life which we assign to middle age.

It is my own belief, and I say it to the credit of my co-workers in Congress, that their fidelity and attention to duty—that they might in the fullest measure possible discharge the obligations of their office—in no small degree have contributed to the untimely taking off of many of those who have passed over the river. While this may not be the popular notion, nor comport with the common conception of the work performed by the average Congressman, yet I believe it is undeniably true that in a large majority of cases he devotes more hours of work and gives more conscientious concern to the faithful discharge of his duties than he ever gave to his private affairs. During the time of my service in the House of Representatives I have personally known of not a few instances in which Members, after most arduous work in the preparation of some important measure and their participation upon this floor in its discussion, have become so weakened by their labors that death soon after found in their exhausted condition but a feeble resistance.

While these observations, from the very nature of the case, can not refer to the taking off of the one for whom Ohio's delegation especially mourns to-day, as death came by accident, yet I am confirmed in my belief that they explain to no small extent the reasons for its frequent visitation to our membership. Of the seven whose deaths we come to mourn to-day, CARL ANDERSON, of Ohio, was the youngest, having been elected as a Member of this House at an unusually early age. He brought with him all the zeal and vigor of action which belong to early manhood, and in his achievements, in so far, at

least, as representing the demands of his constituents is concerned, he was successful. He early won the friendship not only of his colleagues from his own State but that of a continually widening circle of acquaintances. Speaking for myself, he was not only my friend but I was his friend. His willingness to do me a favor in the advancement of any measure which I had before his committee was spontaneous and generous to a degree. I think I but voice the sentiment of the other members of my delegation when I say that they all had a similar experience in their intercourse with CARL ANDERSON.

I suppose that if any one particular field of legislation could be recalled in which he was most active we would all agree that it was in the work of securing better recognition for the old soldiers, not only of his own district but throughout the country. Representing as I do an adjoining district to the one which he so faithfully represented, there is naturally a community of interests between the splendid citizens who make up both constituencies. Made up of a harmonious blending of the early New England settlers, the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch, and that sturdy stock of German immigrants which came over in the earlier days of the State's history, their interests are homogenous in character. With a varied industrial development on no mean scale, an important commercial status, their rich agricultural resources, and their fine institutions of learning, they form a constituency which any man might feel proud to represent.

I know from personal knowledge that CARL ANDERSON'S efforts in behalf of the old soldiers of his district were appreciated beyond measure. Just outside of the city limits of Sandusky, which is the capital city of Erie County, adjoining my district on the west, is located a soldiers' and sailors' home, which, in its management and treatment of the old soldiers of the State, has always been

ADDRESS OF MR. SHARP, OF OHIO

held in the highest esteem. By those living in the home he was held as their especial champion, while the citizens at large, regardless of their party affiliations, showed to him a most loyal devotion.

In conversation with him at different times I came more and more to appreciate not only his capacity for work but his directness in putting such work into most effective execution. While his early training and environment deprived him of advantages in an educational way—a handicap which I am led to believe he appreciated in later years, though rather proud than otherwise of his humble start in life—yet his active abilities, backed by an indomitable ambition to succeed, made him a valuable Member in a most practical way.

It was indeed this ambition to do things and the high tension under which he constantly worked that brought him to a physical condition not, I think, generally known to many of his friends. It was within the closing days of the last session of Congress and during the last conversation that I now recall having had with him that he confided to me the fact that, though a young man in years, he had a heart so weakened as to be able to scarcely do the work of a man twice his years. I know he was forced to a most abstemious manner of living, and by careful training he was endeavoring to conserve in the best manner possible his strength for the work he had to do. Of one whose life work brings to our minds such a conception of sincere purpose and fidelity to duty we must be warranted in believing that the same high ideals controlled him in his domestic life, and so those who knew him best found it to be. In more than one conversation with him he expressed his love of home and family, and I am sure that not one of his colaborers in Congress has spent more happy hours in the bosom of his family than CARL ANDERSON.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES: REPRESENTATIVE ANDERSON

So much in sincere praise must I say of one whom I knew as a friend. Sleeping in that eternal slumber of death which knows no awakening in this mortal world, beneath the shade of the giant oaks and elms of the beautiful cemetery, just outside of the city of Fremont, lie the earthly remains of CARL ANDERSON. On the afternoon of an autumnal day, first at his home in Fostoria and then a few hours later at the cemetery of the town of his early adoption, a great concourse of mourners gathered to witness and join in the last sad rites of burial. If the hearty good will and kindly feeling given to him during the scenes of his triumph in his business and political careers attested the appreciation of his work, surely in his hour of death the mute testimony of the regard of this great outpouring of his friends from every walk of life—the little children, the business men, the working men, and last, the objects of his sincerest regard and affection, the old soldiers—showed the unmistakable love and esteem in which he had been held by his neighbors. May the faithful widowed mother and her little children be comforted in their irreparable loss.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

Mr. GOEKE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members desiring to speak on the life, character, and public services of the late CARL C. ANDERSON be given five legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Ohio asks unanimous consent that Members desiring to speak on the life, character, and public services of the late CARL ANDERSON have five legislative days in which to print their remarks in the Record. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

Mr. Finley resumed the chair as Speaker pro tempore.

ADJOURNMENT

The SPEAKER pro tempore. In accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 10.30 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Accordingly (at 8 o'clock and 28 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until to-morrow, Monday, February 24, 1913, at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

THURSDAY, *December 5, 1912.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. POMERENE. Mr. President, I ask that the resolutions of the House on the death of my late colleague in that body be laid before the Senate.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 2, 1912.

House resolution 713

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. POMERENE. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution and ask for its adoption.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The resolution will be read.

The resolution was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

Senate resolution 403

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of the Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Mr. Root. Mr. President, I offer the following resolution, which I send to the desk, and ask for its present consideration.

The PRESIDENT pro tempore. The Senator from New York offers a resolution, which will be read.

The resolution was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of those Representatives (Hon. CARL CAREY ANDERSON, of Ohio; Hon. Richard E. Connell, of New York; and Hon. George H. Utter, of Rhode Island) whose deaths have been announced the Senate do now adjourn.

Thereupon (at 6 o'clock and 5 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until to-morrow, Friday, December 6, 1912, at 12 o'clock m.

MONDAY, *February 24, 1913.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by J. C. South, its Chief Clerk, transmitted to the Senate resolutions of the House of Representatives on the life and public services of Hon. CARL C. ANDERSON, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.



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